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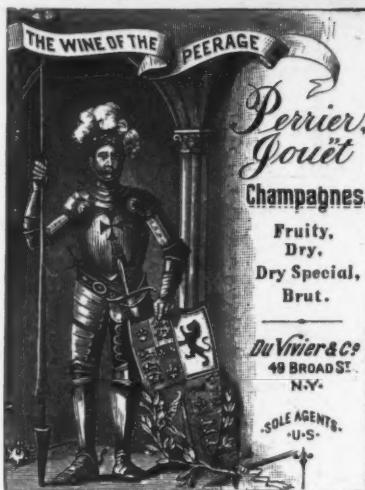
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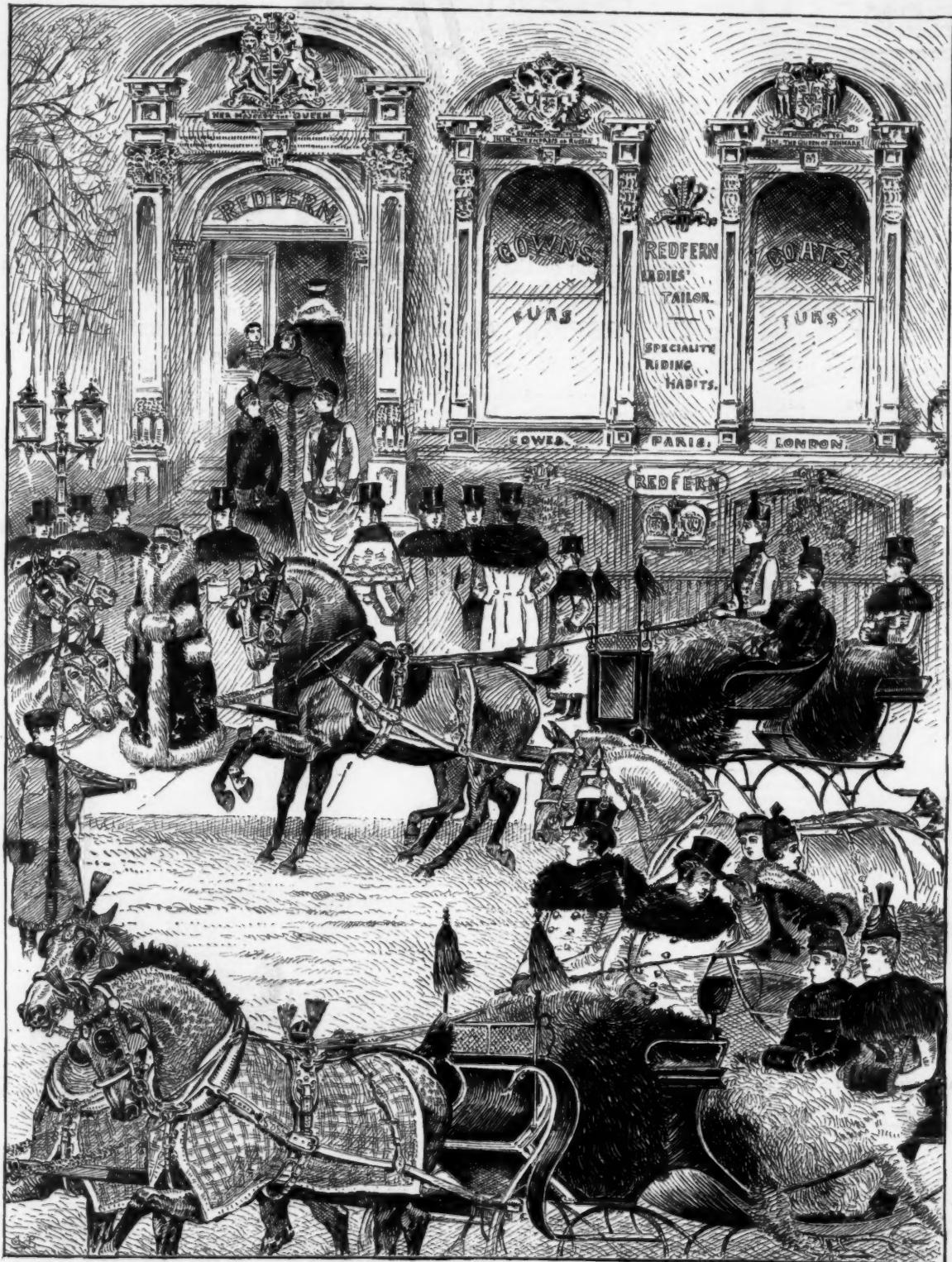
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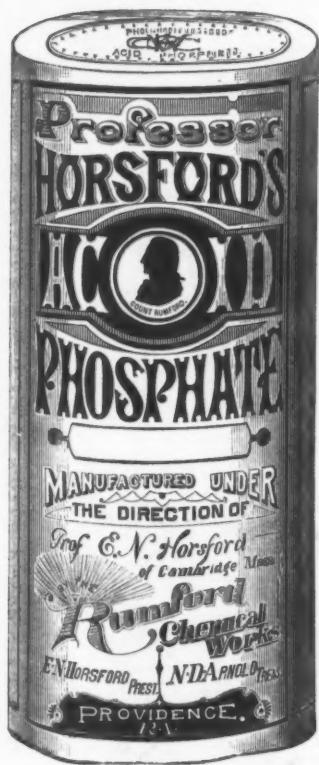
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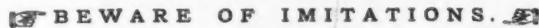
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J. F.: BUT DON'T SAY I AM WHOLLY WITHOUT INTEREST FOR YOU.

*P. S.—*Jack has the interest of \$900,000, and she reflects.



VOL. VI. DECEMBER 10TH, 1885. NO. 154.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 50 cents per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV. and V. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THE joys of Christmas are upon us.

We move sadly from one store to another, with weary legs and aching back, bent upon the purchase of gifts for our friends.

And the gifts!

Anon they hit the mark, but seven anons out of ten it is money thrown away. Those articles which stand any chance of gratifying the taste of an educated and prosperous friend are so grotesquely dear and so far beyond the reach of the broken-spirited purchaser, that his legs grow weaker and his back softer as the fatal day approaches. But we wish you a merry Christmas all the same.

* * *

IN the death of Francis N. Bangs, New York has lost not only one of its ablest and most prominent lawyers, but a citizen whose honesty of purpose was never questioned. There are not many men who attain the eminence he occupied in his profession, and he held it with a brilliancy and force which left him but few rivals.

* * *

THE following problem has been given to the Senior Class in Mathematics at Oxford: "If a bishop gets a salary of \$75,000 from the Established Church, how long will it take to make him a champion of Disestablishment?" Students are told to take their time in working this out.

* * *

ANOTHER great hindrance to marriage (we spoke of one the other day) is your wife's relations; that is, they would be if she ever became your wife. If it were required of us to devise a scheme that should best correct the multiplication of bachelors, we should have every spinster above the age of twenty-three judicially declared an orphan by the General Term. For there is abundant inducement for even the most fastidious man to marry a lovely woman; but the prospect of assimilating a whole new family brings terror to the bravest soul.

Any man who is not lacking in natural affection can get along with his own relations. They came to him as independently of his volition as life itself. They were dealt to him, so to speak; and he regards them as his natural hand, and is interested to play them for what they are worth, taking to himself neither credit nor shame for their being there. But if he resolves to discard and draw fresh ones, he cannot after that ascribe his lot exclusively to fortune. He has made a voluntary choice, and his responsibility is proportionately increased.

The most formidable wife's relatives are not the disreputable ones. The young lady's uncle who lives in Canada will never annoy you. With that indictment hanging over him he dare not come home. Her second cousin, who is at Sing-Sing, is all right, too. He will scarcely outlive his term. And so of her elder brother who drinks to such excess, it is only a matter of a few years with him now. You will be glad to be kind to him as long as he is docile, and when he is refractory the remedy is easy to apply. And all those cousins who are poor but honest, and live in Illinois and other uttermost parts of the West, there is no trouble about them. They have to stay at home and work, and when they do come your way they shall be as welcome as if they were your own, and the fatted calf shall be killed for them. Where the shoe is going to pinch is in another place. That dear married sister who lives across the street will keep on living there. She will become a part of your daily life, and it behooves you to take care that she is a nice person.

If you will get married it is a great gain to have all your bride's relations down on you at first. Elope with her, if possible, but at least nurse the preliminary opposition of her family as though it were a thousand-dollar orchid. If they all execrate you, it will not be necessary for you to love them in bulk at the start, and as time goes on and they appreciate what a jewel the dear girl has caught, you can use the nicest discretion about being reconciled, letting in individuals and keeping others out.

Some suitors court the young woman's relatives first, but in such cases another man almost invariably gets the girl. For courtship is strictly a retail business, and no girl who respects herself, or has due sense of propriety, will consent to go as part or parcel of any job lot.

In truth, observation and reflection only make it more obvious that to woo any maiden who has near relations is a complicated experiment, as well as one of doubtful profit.

Young man, begin with orphans; go slow at first and learn as you go along. In time, if you are fearless and determined, you may win one of a flock, with a full line of parents and a brace of grandmothers.



THE MAVERICK MYSTERY.

I.

IT was the twenty-fourth of December, eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Maverick were in the sitting-room. Mr. Maverick was reading; or, rather, he affected to do so, in order to express his dissatisfaction with the harangue which his wife had been engaged in delivering. Mrs. Maverick was an admirable woman, but she had a gentle persistency which, at times, seemed monotonous to the subjects of it,—among which subjects her husband was naturally the most frequent. This couple lived in an ancient house on the outskirts of a venerable town in one of our oldest States. They got the house cheap, because it bore a bad name; that is, a former owner had hanged himself, under circumstances of peculiar horror, to the hook intended for the gas-fixture in the ceiling of the front bed-room. The legend asserted that his spirit still pervaded the premises. Up to the present time, however, nothing wholly inexplicable had occurred. Strange sounds had been heard; but such as rats, loose blinds, warped doors and moaning draughts might have sufficed to account for. Mrs. Maverick had been less impressed by these phenomena than her husband, who was of a nervous and excitable organization, with a powerful imagination. He had latterly lapsed into a somewhat abnormal state, giving rise to anxiety in the breast of his spouse; and she was constantly urging upon him the expediency of taking medical advice. But Mr. Maverick, unfortunately, had conceived a mortal antipathy against anything in the shape of a doctor,—an antipathy which may have had its source in the fact that his wife's uncle was a member of that profession, and had, many years before, administered an emetic to Mr. Maverick by mistake for a sleeping-potion. From that time, at any rate, Mr. Maverick had declared bloody vengeance against whatsoever representative of the faculty should darken his doors. It will readily be conceived, therefore, that Mrs. Maverick, who was really concerned about his condition, was at her wit's end how to proceed.

II.

MR. MAVERICK, in a fit of nervous exasperation, slammed the book he had not been reading down on the table. "Maria, let us have no more of this!" he exclaimed. "Once for all, I will *not* see a physician! and if you bring one into the house, I'll murder him!"

These fearful words had hardly left his mouth when there was a sound as of a heavy fall in the room overhead. The globes of the chandelier jingled and the window panes rattled. Mr. Maverick sprang to his feet.

"Great Heavens! what was that?" he cried out.

Mrs. Maverick had not moved from her chair; but she looked up at him in a distressed way. "Oh, my poor dear," she murmured, "what is the matter?"

"That noise! Upstairs! Like a heavy body hurled to the floor! and there's no one in the house but ourselves and the cook—and she's down in the village."

"A noise, my dear?" faltered Mrs. Maverick. "Was there a noise? Where? Where?"

Her husband slowly turned, and stared at her. The startled expression in his widely-opened eyes deepened into amazement, and finally darkened into something like terror.

"You didn't hear it, Maria?" he said, below his breath. "Are you mad, or am I? Why, the whole house trembled!"

"Are you sure you are not mistaken, John? I'm sure it was only your nervousness," said his wife, anxiously. "Oh, if you would only consult a physician!"

"Physician be ——" began Mr. Maverick, excitedly; but he stopped short. "I have it!" he went on, in a changed tone. "The noise was in the front bed-room, where the old fellow hanged himself. And when the rope broke, he fell!"

"Surely, John, you don't place faith in all that gossip," protested Mrs. Maverick. "You're not quite yourself, dear, that's all!"

Mr. Maverick made no verbal reply. He buttoned up his coat resolutely, stepped over to the old writing-table in the corner of the room, and took from one of its drawers a silver-plated Colt's revolver. Having satisfied himself that it was loaded, he lit a candle, and started for the door.

Mrs. Maverick, now seriously disturbed, tried to calm him in vain. At length, with a sigh for his obstinacy, she arose and followed him.

III.

THERE is no one here, said Mr. Maverick, after an exhaustive search of the front bed-room. "But there is that old hook he hanged himself from; and he fell right here."

"Do come down stairs again, John. I was sure you would find nothing. Think how often ——"

Her husband caught her arm. His lips were parted, and he was listening intently. "Steps!" he whispered. "Steps in the hall! Listen! there—now—steps!"

"I hear nothing!" said Mrs. Maverick, after a moment.

Mr. Maverick's teeth chattered; but he commanded himself by a strong effort. "If you hear nothing, Maria," he said, "it is the best evidence that this intruder is no flesh and blood, but a spectre. But, whatever he is, I will hunt him down if it takes all night."

"How can you hunt down a spectre? Do n't be absurd, John, dear. You will only catch your death a-cold, trotting round these chilly entries and places."

"Do n't attempt to restrain me, Maria," replied her husband, with a nervous shudder. "If I do n't search out this mystery it may be the death of me, indeed!"

They went out into the hall. The candle threw a gleam along it, but its extremities were swathed in deep shadows. Mr. Maverick peered searchingly into this obscurity, and then, stealthily raising his finger, he pointed toward the thickest gloom.

"There it is!" he murmured, in a scarcely audible voice. "I saw it move! See—in a long gray dressing-gown—see! . . . Ha! it's gone!"

"But surely, John, my eyes are as good as yours, and rather better. If there were anything, why would n't it be visible to me as well as to you?"

"Heaven knows, Maria! but it is only some organizations that are susceptible to apparitions. I saw the figure move, and the gleam of its white face. But where can it have disappeared? Hark!"

A long, heavy sigh, as of a breathing heavily oppressed, was distinctly audible in the intense stillness. It seemed to come from close at hand, and yet it was impossible to fix the direction. Immediately following it, there was a creaking sound from the staircase behind them. This time Mrs. Maverick gave a start, and looked round.

"I did hear a noise then," she whispered.

"He must have passed close by us and gone down," returned the husband. "I had a cold feeling, a moment ago, as from a draught of icy air. Come—let us follow it up."

IV.

THEY descended again to the lower story; but everything there appeared exactly as when they had left it. The wind had now begun to arise, and, sweeping across the naked, white fields, whispered and muttered about the old house, as if it had some sad secret to communicate. The two hunters in this ghastly chase were now in the dining-room, a sombre apartment, with a portrait over the mantelpiece of an elderly man in a gray surtout. The frame of this portrait was fastened into the wall, and had occupied its present position since an unknown date. The original of the portrait was also unknown, but it was supposed to be the suicide of the legend. Mr. Maverick stood gazing up at it, as if expecting some sign of life in those dark, troubled features.

"The story is," he said, in the tremulous undertone which had come to be his manner of speech during the last half hour, "that, on the evening of his death, he went out to the barn to chop wood. While there, a messenger came to him from the village with the terrible news which—"

He stopped, and his wife and he stood staring into each

other's eyes. From the direction of the barn came a dull, muffled sound, repeated regularly at short intervals.

"There he is now!" exclaimed Maverick, speaking with difficulty. "He's at work again, just as he was fifty years ago. What a fearful thing this is! Where is the lantern?"

"Do n't go out, John! Oh, do n't!" entreated his wife. "In your excited condition, and in this freezing air, it will kill you—I know it will!"

"I must go, Maria," he replied, with a sort of desperation. "To sit still and feel that you are haunted would be worse than death. So long as I am on its tracks I can bear it. You stay here; call me if you hear or see anything."

The lantern was procured, and Maverick set forth. He reached the barn, ploughing his way through the crisp snow, and found the door partly open. He threw it back and looked in. A pile of uncut logs lay at one side; the saw-horse, with the saw leaning against it, stood near. The axe was nowhere to be seen, nor were there any trace of its having been recently used. After listening and looking for a few moments, he closed the door and fastened it, and turned again toward the house.

From where he now stood the windows of the dining-room were visible, lighted up by the candle which he had left there. At one of the windows, outlined against the light behind, he saw the figure of his wife, apparently looking out for him. But immediately afterward he saw, or thought he saw, the shape of a man moving to and fro in the room behind her. The shape approached her, and Maverick, with a thrill of horror, recognized the same apparition whose vague contours he had beheld in the obscurity of the entry. Mrs. Maverick stirred uneasily, but did not look round, though the mysterious shape seemed to be close at her shoulder. With a cry of warning to her, Maverick leapt forward and ran toward the house. Instantly the figure shrank backward, and, flitting across the room, vanished apparently in the direction of the fireplace. It was as if the portrait had come down from its frame during his absence, and had again retired to it.

He burst into the house and staggered into the dining-room. His wife, turning from the window, met him with a questioning look, and with only so much discomposure as might naturally be excited by his own panic-stricken aspect.

"Did you find anything, dear?" she asked.

"Good God, woman!" he gasped out, "do you mean to say you saw nothing—felt nothing?"

"What should I feel, John?" she demanded, in a troubled tone.

"It—the spectre—him!" cried Maverick, pointing at the portrait, which frowned grimly back at them from its frame.

"No spectre has been in this room that I know of," returned Mrs. Maverick, in a quavering voice, while the tears sprung to her eyes. "Oh, my poor husband, what shall I do for you?"

V.

HIS agitation and the chill occasioned by his visit to the barn had put Maverick into such a state that he yielded at length to his wife's entreaties that he would take a hot bath and go to bed. The bath-room was a narrow apartment off

the upper entry, awkwardly arranged so that the only window was a narrow opening near the top of the partition between the bath-room and the front bedroom. As Maverick lay in the bath his back was toward this window. Mrs. Maverick was in the bedroom; he could hear her moving about there. But presently a faint sound, as of something gently and cautiously pressing against the partition, or slowly brushing against it, roused his attention, in an instant, to the acutest pitch. With a sudden movement he turned his head and threw a swift glance at the window. It was enough! A strange, sombre face had been flattened against the pane, and had been watching him—who could tell how long? It vanished instantly, like a shadow, and without a sound; but Maverick had seen it. He uttered a frantic cry, scrambled out of the bath, wrapped the heated blanket about him, and reeled into the bedroom. There sat Mrs. Maverick in her easy-chair, seemingly just aroused from a doze. Evidently she was, as usual, quite unconscious of anything unusual having happened. Maverick



"A STRANGE, SOMBRE FACE."

could not speak. He reached the bed and fell upon it in an almost fainting condition. He was but vaguely conscious that his wife was moving him into an easier position, and tucking warm wraps about him; then he smelt brandy, and, mechanically opening his lips, felt the fiery stuff trickle down his unaccustomed throat. He wondered where the brandy came from; and in the midst of his surmises fell asleep.

Suddenly, after how long an interval he knew not, he was broad awake, with a feeling that something was going to happen. He was lying on his back, with one arm outside the coverlid; the only light in the room came from the remains of the coal fire in the open grate. Awake though he was, Maverick did not fully open his eyes, or shift his position; he remained absolutely without motion, and with his eyelids down. But he could see that gray figure gliding stealthily across the floor, and drawing nearer and nearer to him. The lower part of its face was muffled in some odd drapery; but the eyes were revealed, and they were fixed steadfastly on Maverick's countenance. What did the thing



"THEN THE COLD FINGERS LEFT HIS WRIST, AND CREPT SLOWLY UPWARD TOWARD HIS THROAT."

mean to do to him? Where was Mrs. Maverick? Maverick's limbs seemed bound with iron; he could not stir, nor utter any sound; but his whole body seemed to be made of eyes and ears. It was standing close beside him now, and, extending its arm, it laid its cold fingers upon Maverick's wrist. The touch was as light as a feather, but Maverick felt it through every nerve of his organism. Then the cold fingers left his wrist, and crept slowly upward toward his throat. The sweat broke from his forehead, and his heart trembled and stood still. The next instant, with a low snarl of desperation, Maverick had sprung from the bed, and seized in a frantic grasp the burly figure of Dr. Tibbets, his wife's uncle.

VI.

"BUT what could I do, John, dear?" pleaded Mrs. Maverick the next day, "if uncle had n't fallen down up-stairs all this would n't have happened; but, as it was, I did n't dare tell you it was uncle, for fear you would do something violent. I had asked him to come here, without your knowing it, in order to form an opinion, if possible, as to your condition by feeling your pulse and examining you when you were asleep, or in any way unaware of his presence. But when you began hunting him in that wild way with a revolver, what could I do but try to persuade you that you were mistaken? And as for poor uncle, he was nearly scared to death; and, if he hadn't been *very* kind, he would have run out of the house at once and left you to your fate."

"You nearly had me that time up in the hall," added Dr. Tibbets, chuckling. "You heard me breathing just inside the embrasure of the spare room door; and if that stair had n't creaked, by the mercy of Providence, just then, and got you off the scent, I'd have been a dead man. Then the slamming of that old barn door gave me a chance to communicate with Maria; but—well, excuse me from passing such another night for anybody!"

"And what do you think is the matter with him?" asked Mrs. Maverick.

"Lack of good ale and outdoor air—and doctors!" replied the old gentleman. "I tell you, Maverick, doctors are the best company going; and the only way to get along without them is to have one to dinner once a week."

"Well," said Maverick, "I'll begin with you at our Christmas dinner to-day. After a ghost, even a doctor is a relief."

Julian Hawthorne.

THE London *Spectator* speaks of "Wendell Holmes," doncherknow. Yaas, now that Cullen Bwyant, Waldo Emerson and Wadsworth Longfellow have left us, 'gad! Wussell Lowell, Gweenleaf Whittier and Wendell Holmes are the most pwominent wemainning luminawies of the literawwy cwaft in the States, b' Jove!

THE peculiar glory with which General Shaler has succeeded in covering himself is not a proper cause for rejoicing, perhaps, but the fact of its being discovered should send a thrill of joy through every citizen.

THE AMERICAN PEERAGE.

[COMPILED BY PERK, ULTERIOR KNIGHT FOR MANHATTAN.]

Bennit.



BENNIT, JAMES GORGON, Marquess of Ann-Street, Tickler-in-Ordinary to the British Aristocracy, Lieutenant of the Press Offensibles, Lord Admiral of the Yachting Fleet, etc.

Lineage: Lord Ann-Street traces back one entire generation to that eminent ecclesiastical dignitary, James Gorgon Bennit I., who resigned his position in the church in order to start a daily paper devoted to shipping news, on the basis of two ash barrels and a plank. The present Lord has advanced so far in social dignity that, whereas his father was merely J. G. Bennit I., he is known as James Gorgon Bennit A. I. Having become an honorary peer of England and France, he was created an American peer in deference to the nobility of these countries. The Marquess is distinguished for his ascetic habits of life, and for tenderness towards his subordinates, whom he frequently discharges without a moment's warning, and without cause, in order to spare them the misery of suspense. Lord Ann-Street is a bitter foe of journalism, and maintains a pink paper and a white paper for the express purpose of discouraging young aspirants.

Arms: Quarterly. First and fourth ermine, on a bend(er) sable the legend "Two Cents," copper; second and third gules, a herald's tabard or.

Crest: A bull surmounted by a naval crown.

Supporters: Printers.

Motto: "That I may do good."

Clubs: All-of-'Em.

WHAT hope for the temperance movement so long as "reading maketh the full man?"



AT A WASHINGTON PARTY.

Hostess: I HOPE YOU ARE ENJOYING YOURSELF.

Mr. Pusher (who cannot remember where he has met the lady): OH, THANK YOU, YES. VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
MEANT TO HAVE CALLED ON YOU, BUT—ER—I REALLY FORGOT YOUR ADDRESS.

• LIFE •



SOMETHING DROPPED.

Mr. Blackfriar (just from London): YAWR AMERICANISMS ARE MOST PLEXING YAW KNOW. WHAT ON EARTH IS A "BIG BUG," AND A "DROP" LETTER? YAWR A 'ED OF US THERE YAW KNOW; WE 'VE NO "DROP" LETTERS IN ENGLAND.

Miss Kate: I THOUGHT H WAS A DROP LETTER IN ENGLAND.

WELCOME TO THEM.

GENTLEMAN,
reading exchanges
(to editor): Would you
mind, Mr. Shears, if I
took one or two of
these papers home with
me?

Editor (dubiously): Well, I do n't know about that; I have n't looked them over myself yet. What papers are they?

Gentleman: A couple of Philadelphia papers.

Editor: Oh, yes; take 'em along.

"**A**ND why do you think that my love is not genuine?" asked the young lawyer, excitedly.

"Because you are my beau, 'Gus,'" she answered in legal tender tones. And then she ran away so fast that he could not counterfeit.

POKER players must put up with pot luck.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

AKID standing on the roof of a house railed at a Wolf passing by.

The Wolf, looking up, said: "Not you, but the house rails at me," and he started on. But just then the house fell in, as it had been built by a New York contractor, born in Pittsfield, Mass. Thereupon he ate the Kid without more ado.

ARABBIT went into a swamp one day, and, having provoked a quarrel with a Hornet, chased the insect into its nest. The Rabbit then determined to blockade his adversary, and backed himself up against the door of the nest; but the next moment he was flying through the woods at a rate that was dangerous to previous records, and accompanied by a retinue of Hornets. Having reached home, he announced that there was a riot, an earthquake and a prairie-fire down in the swamp.

MORAL: Do n't hatch your chickens before counting them; and be cautious about sitting on the nest in the dark.



"WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?"

A Rendezvous.

'T IS Christmas night.
A ghostly light
Illumines forgotten faces.
With loving tread
The feet of the dead
Fall soft in familiar places.

In these dim halls
This night recalls
Sweet memories death cannot chill.
Faint finger tips
And voiceless lips
Bring the ghost of an old-time thrill.

Ah, many a year
Has gone, since here,
Her love and herself she gave;
A blushing face,
A long embrace—
And he, to a soldier's grave.

There's joy in meeting;
But hours are fleeting,
And the saddest of all draws near,
For light of dawn
Will find them gone,
And to sleep for another year.

J. A. Mitchell.



A. D. 1885.

"Varium et mutabile semper femina."—*Virgil.*

LIIGHTLY she mocked him with jest and quip,
And a curl of her red, disdainful lip;

Lightly she laughed, as he rode away
In the golden gleam of a dying day.

Spurring his steed with a tightened rein
At the sound of her gay *Auf wiedersehen*,

And cursing the cruel Fate that set
His heart at the feet of a vain coquette.

But the restless hound she held in check
Felt the hand that lay on his shaggy neck

Quiver and stir, while the shadows grew
Dusky and dark in the tremulous blue

Of her April eyes, and a weary sigh
Broke unawares in her airy cry :

"Aye, these are the times of Greed and Gold,
And Love is a fashion too old—too old!"

M. E. W.





GREAT SALE OF MATERIAL FOR BOSTON NOVELS.

IT has a number of times been delicately hinted in LIFE that there is a remarkable, not to say monotonous, similarity in the characters which are depicted in the present generation of Boston novels.

Out of this simple fact we have developed the ingenious and humanitarian scheme for a "Depot of Novelists' Materials," where the ambitious beginner or the hardened literary sinner can purchase, at a reasonable rate, all the characters, scenery, situations, etc., which are necessary for the construction of a first-class Boston novel. These we are prepared to furnish in more than 1,000 different combinations to suit the varied talents of our customers.

It is only possible here to briefly outline a few of the most attractive features of our stock, but a fully illustrated catalogue of one hundred pages will be sent to any one desiring full particulars.

CHARACTERS (Class A.)—All materials used, first class; language, pure Bostonese; dress, *à la* Howells, with Worth attachments, extra; Beacon street etiquette; emotional temperament, never higher than 10°, with an average of 0.

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N. B.—We do not keep this character in stock beyond forty years of age, because he then acquires an amount of good, worldly wisdom, which unfits him for the Boston novel.

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fore, will never marry; tumbles, however, at the first opportunity.

5. *The Precious Little Goose.*—Never had a mission, and does n't want one; not up in the transcendental lingo; never tried the mind cure, because she lacked the material to work on; is liable to follow her heart; temperature 5° above Boston standard.

6. *Miscellaneous.*—Job lots of spinsters with eye-glasses Unitarian ministers, decayed aristocrats, Harvard professors and blasé club men.

SCENERY.—*Boston Common*, wet or dry, by sunlight, starlight, gas light or electric light.

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A Review suitable for insertion in the *Atlantic Monthly* or *Boston Transcript* is given free with every purchase. Address our special agent.

Droch.

WHATEVER may be in store for Prince Alexander, at all events he cannot be accused of sub-Serviancy.



MEHEMIT Ben Hasheesh El Hin
Was famed for the length of his grin,
For the smile that he'd smile
At a joke on the Nile
Would extend to a joke in Pekin.

O. H.



St. Nicholas in a new role presents a little novelty & explains its use

Christmas Ch

LIFE ·



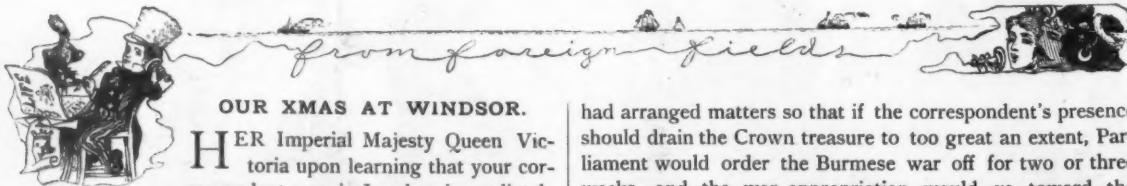
Chimes.

HOW COULD YOU FAIL.

I SING a maiden fair,
I sing an easy chair
With carvings quaint and rare
And arms.
Ah, foolish easy chair,
When you had Kitty there
How could you fail to dare
To use your arms?

S. P.

Alliet. E. Sevier. 5.

**OUR XMAS AT WINDSOR.**

HER Imperial Majesty Queen Victoria upon learning that your correspondent was in London, immediately dispatched the Marquis of Salisbury with the Royal command that he should make himself at home at Windsor Castle during his stay.

Your correspondent having in mind some of the Victorian peculiarities, replied somewhat haughtily to Her Majesty that before he would lend his presence to the Royal Orgies it was necessary that some arrangements as to terms should be made. If the representative of *LIFE* was invited to partake of her Imperial hospitality simply as the intimate friend of the Guelph family, and was to have the freedom of the Castle in every sense of the word without paying for it, he would gladly accept. If on the other hand Her Majesty, as is her custom, intended making the reporter pay his third of the expenses of the establishment as well as give the Imperial spree a notice next to reading matter in the Xmas issue, his terms were so much per Agate line, and no discount to the Royal family.

A telegram, not prepaid, was received shortly after, bearing the Imperial autograph, and intimating that the Queen

had arranged matters so that if the correspondent's presence should drain the Crown treasure to too great an extent, Parliament would order the Burmese war off for two or three weeks, and the war appropriation would go toward the correspondent's sustenance. The letter likewise said that there was a Ducal suite in the north-east corner of the attic at the correspondent's disposal, which he could occupy temporarily until the old Brown apartments on the parlor floor could be got ready.

So it was settled, and the reporter packed his valise and started for Windsor.

The Queen had forgotten apparently the hour at which he was expected, and no conveyance met him at the depot. Naturally incensed at such treatment, the correspondent telephoned several yards of indignant eloquence to the Castle, which brought the whole Royal Family down in short order. Wales cut a ludicrous figure enough. In his haste to meet his mother's guest he had mixed up several of his eighty-nine uniforms. He presented a combination of Uhlan Colonel, Highland Chief, and Troubadour, and it being an excessively raw day, he caught such a bad cold in the Highland Chief and Troubadour portions of his body that his knees smote and teeth chattered for three hours

after. The serene dignity of the Uhlan Colonel, represented by his red and gilt coat, however, atoned for his otherwise sorry aspect.

"So sorry, Mr. Smith," said the Queen; "but I just received a telegram from the Czar, announcing his arrival this evening in London. As he always stops here, and as we are very much crowded, I'd like to put you two together. Alick is a nice man, and I think you'll like him."

"It's a little rough," the correspondent replied, "to have to room with a man with sharp points all over his name, and I'm surprised, Mrs. Guelph, that you should ask it. Still, I'll oblige you. Any more royalty here?"

"Yes," said Wales, "we have Emperor William, Bismarck, Joseph, the Pope, the Mikado and King Humbert."

"Which Mikado have you, the Standard or Carte's?" asked the correspondent.

At this moment the door of the Salon was thrown open, and the Queen, in a neat little speech of an hour or two in length, welcomed the correspondent to Windsor, and proceeded forthwith to introduce to him in turn the Emperor William, who remarked that "it vas vorth doo peers to meet the correspondent;" Bismarck, who disclaimed any intention on the Emperor's part to convey any slur upon the "Beers of the Rellum" there by quoting for the seventeen hundredth time that estimable Dutch joke; the Pope, who offered the correspondent a free pass to Paradise for a year's subscription, and the Mikado and King Humbert, who inquired affectionately after their relatives and friends now engaged in business in New York.

Later on a cast-iron box slid into the room, which upon opening proved to be the Pneumatic Go-Cart of the Czar.

A noble repast, consisting of Bath buns and water (both of which, from religious scruples, the Czar declined), was then set before the assembled potentates, after which the Christmas tree was handed over for spoliation. There were hanging from its branches a copy of *LIFE* for each guest but one, and, as an act of munificence, the Queen had placed a copy of her "Leaves from the Highlands" for him.

Beatrice and Battenberg declined to have it, because they had received sixty autograph copies of it for wedding presents.

Bismarck followed suit, saying, as he did so, that "a free subscription to *Buck* and 'Leafs in der Lowlants' vas too much funerals for one year."

The Pope offered to take the "Leaves" if the Queen would see the next Peter's Pence and go them ten better, which Her Majesty declined.

The Mikado's choice was *LIFE*, because "Leaves from the

"Highlands" was of such a nature that as yet he had no punishment to fit the crime, and he was let off.

The correspondent modestly declined the gift, because he was already overweighted with the Queen's generosity, and when she came up for her present the *LIFE*'s were all gone and Her Majesty had to take the book.

At 10:30 she retired, pale with rage and mortification, and at 10:45 she dissolved Parliament; her Christmas Party was summarily bounced, and walked home in sorrow and silence.

It appears Her Majesty had made a bet that she could run the circulation of "Leaves" up to seven copies. Six had been reached, but the seventh stuck closer than a brother.



"A COPY OF 'LIFE' FOR EACH GUEST BUT ONE."

LATER—Your correspondent and the Czar took an upward sally at five A.M. Cause unknown. Dynamite and Victoria strongly suspected.

Parliament has been ordered to subscribe for *LIFE* for one year, to be sent to

VICTORIA R. GUELPH,
Windsorville, Eng.
Carlyle Smith.

A NEW steel trap has been invented for catching Indians, and is to be baited with a new kind of whisky that will kill the savage when the trap fails to hold him.

M.

• LIFE •

"Buy Baby Bunting."

[From the Prose Works of a French Nurse.]

IT will be remembered that Gen. Arthur, during the latter part of his Presidential term, became possessed of the idea that the American flag was not good enough to fly above his noble head; and he accordingly had a novel ensign made for his exclusive use on government picnics. This piece of bunting—styled the President's Flag—marked another great event in American history; and the people hailed it as filling a long felt want.

The result of this has been a Patent Private Bunting Bill, which will be brought before the Senate this winter by Mr. Evarts.

Full designs accompany the Act.

NO. 1. THE FLAG OF THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

On the arrival of that melancholy day when the President is reduced from "Your Excellency" to "Say, Mister!" this flag can be used as a pillow-sham.

NO. 2. PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

The design for this flag consists of a fac-simile short-hand reply to an office-seeker. "Veni! Vedi! Vamoose!"

NO. 3. FLAG OF SECRETARY OF NAVY.

This represents a full-grown interrogation point hovering o'er the deep blue sea. Comment unnecessary.

NO. 4. SECRETARY OF INTERIOR.

Simply an army blanket such as is given to the Indians. The liberty cap for the pole consists of the wig which our Secretary dons on his return from the Interior.

NO. 5. CONGRESSMAN'S.

This chaste design represents the voters' map of a Congressional district, on top of which is a ballot box. The streets are sectional—so is the Representative. The blocks are crooked—so is the owner of the flag.

NO. 6. SHERIFF'S.

Illustrates a personally conducted tour (to the other world). This flag can be displayed, from the windows of private houses, during furniture sales.

NO. 7. ALDERMAN'S PRIVATE.

In the centre is a shirt bosom on which reposes a four-horse-power diamond. Above is represented the migration of the mixed drink—the liquid starting from a goblet, at the right, and bound for the terminal tumble, at the left. At the bottom a life-like representation of the famous five (dollar) finger game.

NO. 8. CHARITY COMMISSIONER.

And long may it wave, o'er the land of the spree, and the home of the knave. The liberty cap on the pole consists of a bowl of muddy water (Poorhouse vegetable soup.)

NO. 9. GRAND MARSHAL (ST. PATRICK'S DAY).

Hurroo! This inaccurate map represents the country lying between Green-land and Paddy-gonia, discovered by Barney Columbus and Mike Vespuccius, as narrated in Roe's "Driven Out of Erin." The lines at the right represent the Atlantic cables: (A) the Pope's wire, (B) Parnell's wire, and (C) Victoria's dude wire—the latter, as will be noticed broken (by O'Dynamite Tosser.)

NO. 10. THE OFFICE-SEEKER'S PRIVATE ENSIGN.

We fear this ought not to be included among a list of *private* flags, for 10,000,000 men will each have one, as soon as this bill becomes a law. The design represents a curs(e)ory examination of the Civil Service Board.

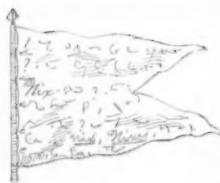
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After the above are adopted, our good old Yankee standard will be exhibited in the Bowery museums as a ten-cent curiosity.

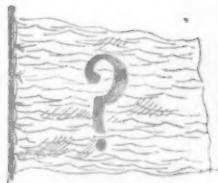
Wallace Peck.



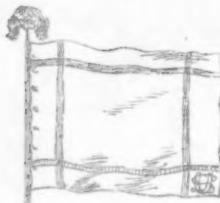
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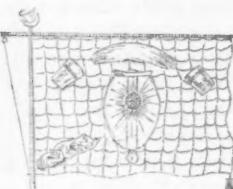
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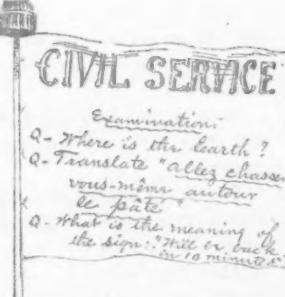
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No. 8.



No. 9.



No. 10.

RIP VAN LOGAN.

ONE morning Rip Van Logan was walking along with a drowsy look on his face, and inquired of a friend :

" Any fighting in the front this morning ? "

" Any fighting ? About what ? "

" Why, the war. Ain't the war going on ? You's behind the times. Why do n't you read the telegrams in the *Century Magazine* ? "

" Why those are not telegrams ! They are about the fights that took place over twenty years ago ! "

" What, them ain't telegrams ? I thought they was telegrams right fresh from the battlefield, and I 's been making speeches about 'em. Is it possible ? No fighting ? No killed and wounded ? No prisoners ? No army contracts ? Bless my stars ! Dang my Choctaw hide if I wa' n't looking around to start a hospital ! Well, lemme see ; I must 'a' been sleeping. Maybe I 's somebody else and Rip Van Logan is dead. Well, if Rip Van Logan is dead, and this ain't me, then, who is I ? "

Then Rip Van Logan lay down on a bench and fell asleep, with a smile of Loganesque sweetness on his tawny features.

AFTER NINETY DAYS.

SWEETHEART, good bye; the hour is late ;

Our happy meetings now are o'er ;

Jack Frost hangs on the garden gate,

I come no more.

Sweetheart, good bye ; the moon hangs low,

And lends faint glamour to the scene ;

Her waning glances only show

Where flowers have been.

Sweetheart, good bye ; the leaves fall fast,

And fly before the autumn gale,

Like eerie ghosts of pleasures past,

Now worn and pale.

Sweetheart, good bye ; aye, now we part ;

'T was but a summer love, you know :

Nor grief can dwell in either heart,

If severed so.

Why, sweetheart ! on thy silken lash

The moon doth show me glistening tears ;

Ah, let us seal this contract rash

For all our years ! *Emma Carleton.*



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THE MERRY MILKMAN.

THE milkman merrily windeth his horn,
And he feeleth as fine as silk,
As he filleth the pails by the pump at morn,
With his beautiful sky-blue milk.

Oh, what is the joy that fills his cup,
And why doth he gaily covet?
Because the price of the fluid's gone up
'Bout a penny or two per quart.

—Texas Siftings.

PETE'S WEDDING TOUR.

THERE is a hostelry on Twenty-third street popular with club men and men about town, in which there is black-board for the reporting of baseball games, races and other events of popular interest. Last week the returns of the day's events concluded with the announcement:

"Pete, our cat, returned to-day, after an absence of two weeks on his wedding tour."

Pete was so pestered with congratulations upon his change of state that he has gone off again—his friends fear to commit bigamy.—*To-Day*.

AT 10 o'clock in the evening a gentleman in a great hurry leaped into a facre and cried to the coachman:

"Rue Bleue!"

After a certain time had elapsed he perceived that he was not going in the right direction. He called to the coachman:

"Where are you taking me?"

The coachman answered:

"Here you are, citizen, at your destination."

"But I am in the Rue Violet, and I told you the Rue Bleue."

"Oh, confound it!" growled the coachman, "by gaslight I always get these two colors mixed."—*French Fun*.

IT is not the cream that ought to be whipped, but the milkman.—*Barbers' Gazette*.

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T. de Thulstrup, (double page), "He loves me; He Loves me not."
Walter Satterlee, (single page), Fisher Girl.
Edward Moran, (double page) Marine View.

J. Francis Murphy, (double page), Landscape.
M. C. Brown, (double page), Jacqueminot Roses.
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Independent and Consistent, recommending no house or make of goods except on its merits: nothing until it has been tried, and denouncing all frauds of questionable methods, and all work partaking of sham or falling below its high standard of what is required in the best art work.

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New York City.

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SHE HAD BUT ONE VIRTUE, BUT IT SAVED HER SOUL.

"HAVE you lived a good life?" said St. Peter to a trembling female who knocked timidly at the Gate of Beauty.

"I was only good at one thing," said the sprite before him, with a doleful shake of the head.

"And what was that?" inquired St. Peter, in a voice of blissful sweetness.

"Cooking," responded the timid one, in woeful tones.

"Come right in, then," said the sentinel saint; "you've saved more men from perdition than a dozen missionaries, and I do n't believe you can find anything around here in the shape of blessedness that you're not entitled to."—*Texas Siftings*.

TOO LATE.

IT is too late for the Republican journals to abuse the Mugwumps for electing Cleveland. The Republican organs should have followed the example of a certain colored woman.

A kind-hearted white lady of the philanthropic kind, strolling about in the suburbs of Austin, heard the cries of a child and the sound of blows. Looking over a fence, she discovered that a colored woman was beating one of her children.

"What are you beating that child for?" asked the female philanthropist.

"On account of de pitcher," was the reply.

"What pitcher?"

"Do one I am gwine to give her to fetch me some beer."

"Then you are beating the child about a pitcher she has not broken yet?"

"Jess so. Hit's too late to beat her after de pitcher am done broke."—*Texas Siftings*.

"ST. PAUL has arranged a corner in wheat." After reading his epistles we would not have thought it possible, but this is a very irreligious age.—*Texas Siftings*.

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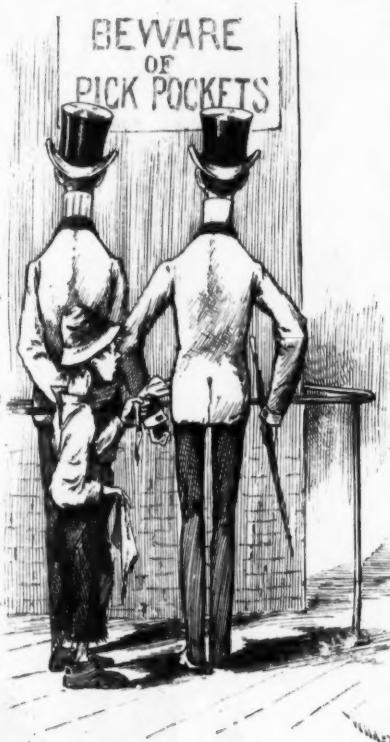
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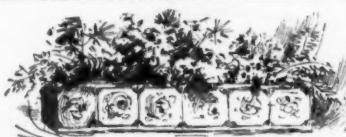
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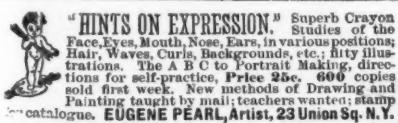
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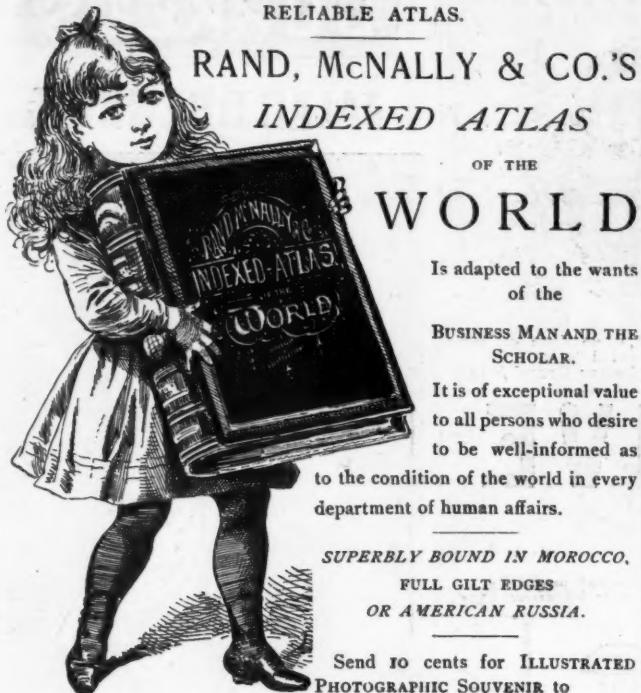
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Cautious Clerk: CHIEF RAW DOG AND HIS BRAVES ARE STOPPING
HERE THIS WEEK AND WE DO N'T PROPOSE TO FOOT BILLS FOR LOST
SCALPS.

IF Christmas Carols or New Year Chimes attune your heart to cheerful giving, accept our friendly greeting and turn, if you will, from the gay witticisms of Life to a few serious thoughts that may be worthy of your attention. Believing that the faculty of combining the Artistic with the Practical, for special occasions, has never before been so aptly demonstrated in our pleasant occupation as by us at this time, we cordially invite inspection, and gratuitously tender our services to all who will visit us. Limit forbidding an enumeration of the various conceptions which adorn our spacious show-rooms, suffice it to state that our reproductions of Antiques in Desks, Rockers, Chairs, for instance, command the highest encomiums for their beauty and finish. Then, we have Mantel Cabinets, mirrored or plain, with shelves for bric-à-brac; Hanging Cabinets and Shelves; Hanging Towel Racks, mirrored; Shaving Stands; Cheval Glasses; Cheffoniers, mirrored and plain; Ladies' Toilet Tables, mirrored; Open Book-cases, Music Cabinets, Pedestals, Easels, Screens, Ornamental Tables; Fancy Tables for the Parlor and Library; Easy Chairs, Cushioned Rattan Chairs, Rogers' Group Stands, Hall Settees and Chairs; Parlor, Library and Chamber Suits, and countless other Specialties in Mahogany, Walnut, Ash and Cherry (the latter, also, in imitation of ebony, mahogany and teakwood) exquisitely designed, of our own careful manufacture, and at prices based on a minimum profit. That from our stock (considering the unusual advantages we possess) anybody should be unable to select a desirable Holiday Present we very much question, and in this relation we may be pardoned if we intimate that not only the appropriateness of an offering but its utility to the recipient should be entertained by the donor, and further if that point was more generally appreciated there would be fewer presents stowed away out of sight and more of them in constant use. We venture to say that no room is so completely provided that it cannot contain something more, either for usefulness or ornamentation, hence when one is in doubt what manner of gift to purchase, the feasibility of a selection from among our exhibits is quickly made apparent upon observation. Finally, wrapped in thoughts of Christmas time and the glad New Year to come, with grateful remembrance of the recognition we have uniformly received, we wish one and all the Compliments of the Season.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

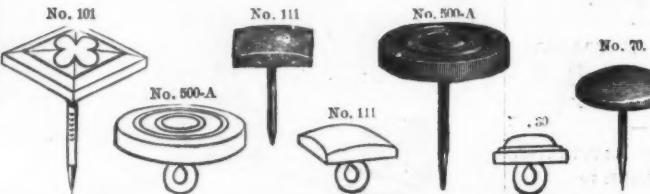
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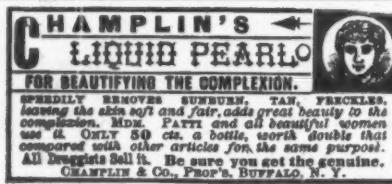


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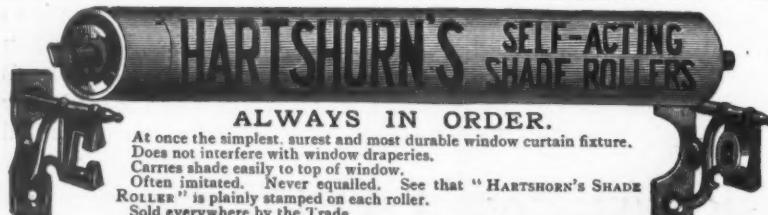
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